

Lethargick Souls like mine, start from their Sleep ;
Hear *JESUS* speak, by you, and love and weep ;
Abhor the carnal Ease indulg'd before,
And trembling at the Feet of *CHRIST*, adore.

What anxious Thoughts possess'd each pious Mind,
While the dear Man by Sickness lay confin'd ?
For fear the Fav'rite should be snatch'd away ;
As a black Prelude of a dreadful Day :
When Sinners shou'd to their Hearts Lusts be giv'n,
And Judgments like a Deluge rush from Heaven :
But O ! the wise forbearing sovereign *GOD* ;
Who lifted up, but laid not on the Rod !
The wrestling *Jacobs* prostrate at his Throne,
Confessing Sins in general, with their own :
With Hearts dissolv'd in penitential Tears,
To *CHRIST* they bring him, and declare their Fears :
Mark, when the *LORD* gives Grace and Faith to pray,
He never sends a Soul deny'd away.
To Him, let us our thankful Voices raise,
And let our answer'd Prayers end in Praise :
Behold ! another glorious Day begun !
Improve the shining Moments while they run.

Swift as seraphick Flame, bless'd *Whitefield* go,
Proclaim well-grounded Peace to Men below,
JESUS in all his charming Beauties show.

GOD, and GOD'S SON, who from Eternity,
Did in the glorious FATHER'S Bosom lie,
Became a Child, a Man, for sinful Men to die.
Come Sinners now of every Age and Size,
Fly to this lovely perfect Sacrifice ;
Banish your Fears, and wipe your weeping Eyes :
Justice is pay'd in Streams of heav'nly Blood,
The Dragon's chain'd, the Earth has drank his Flood,
The INCARNATE GOD has for our Surety stood.
The fiery Law has now no more to claim ;
JESUS has rose, and put his Foes to Shame :
Angels and Saints exalt his lovely Name.

O, that an equal Zeal, might fire my Breast ;
And my Corruptions have no future Rest.
I'd rather feel Convictions sharpest Sting,
Than rest or play in the wide Fields of Sin.
My naked Soul to JESUS I commit ;
O may he make me for his Service fit :
I feel in *Adam*, I have foully fell ;
That I by Nature am a Lump of Hell :
Nor 'till GOD gave 'em, had I Eyes to see
My dire Condition, or my Remedy.
Come SACRED DOVE, blest'd promis'd SPIRIT come ;
Renew my Heart, and take the chieftest Room :
ETERNAL FATHER, justify my Claim ;
I plead no Right, but in my SAVIOUR'S Name ;
Heal my Backslidings, and thy Joys restore ;
Say CHRIST is mine, and I desire no more.

May

May GOD his favour'd *Whitefield's* Life prolong ;
 Increase his Zeal, and make his Nature strong ;
 Prosper his feeble Body, as his Soul ;
 May all his Years in heavenly Pleasures roll :
 May Angel-Bands the lovely Charge that bear ;
 Display their flaming Banners in the Air ;
 And shew the Prophet has his Guardians there :
 Shew to his Foes the Chariot's pav'd with Love ;
 And guilty Prejudice, shall soon remove.
 May *Levi's* sacred Tribe that round him wait,
 Dear *Whitefield's* Zeal and Plainness imitate :
 Lay moral Themes, scholastick Terms aside ;
 And sin-sick Souls, by Faith to Jesus guide :
 Call Error by its diabolick Name,
 Nor fear the Rage of Hell, nor Mortals blame :
 But tell from sweet Experience, what they know :
 Say CHRIST is Love ; for they have found him so.
 Then shall the Doves unto their Windows flock,
 And scoffing Rebels be asham'd to mock.

